

THE CARBON NEWS

Vol. I, No. 39

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, April 13th, 1921

FRANK PETERS, EDITOR

BORSALINO HATS



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GENERAL MERCHANT

CARBON, Alta.

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WILSON BROS.

GROCERIES, BAKERY & CONFECTIONERY

The Drumheller Board of Trade who entertained the Duke of Devonshire, on Tuesday, extended any invitation to any of our local celebrities who wished to give 'the dook' the once over, but owing to bad trails, none of our town officials could make the grade.

Days Dark Thought.

Having wire wheels on your auto and finding that you can only 'make the grade' on the 'ard'igh road,

Mr Vin Tastiglione, who has a place on the Pope Lease, has just unloaded a car of lumber at the Carbon Yards. Vin reports that he wore out two pairs of gloves in the operations. We like to be able to tell where he purchased the gloves, but we are scared.

Mr Fred Rylander and wife are new residents in Carbon, they having rented a house on Glengarry avenue. Fred was out late on Sunday trying to round up a Keg of Kippers, so that he could celebrate the 'invasion' of Carbon.

Local News

(By our local Correspondent)

The last Sign of Spring.

We saw a weasel on the streets of Carbon a few days ago.

We noticed 'Butch' Letch walking rather lame one day last week. Perhaps he had fallen over some of the poor 'dead soldiers' around the Livery Barn.

At last, after waiting for such a long time, we have discovered that Assistant-Postmaster Klick, has discarded the old grey boots. (This is Sandy's little revenge for the old grey mare business.)

Our local 'Jazzers' (old, young and doubtful) are joyously anticipating the opening of the new Community Billiard Hall in Carbon, when the proprietor, Mr Jacobson, has promised to give them all a real good old Dance. That is showing the right spirit for a newcomer, eh what?

Our local 'Henry Irving' had the wits worried out of the farce comedy producers, when he suddenly disappeared for a few days, last week. After numerous enquiries from both male and female actors, the 'star actor' quietly strolled back into town during the week end, and now all's well.

It has been hinted to us that Sandy Reid is really on the look-out for a house-keeper. Now, girls, step lively, and shoy a little speed.

Great Thrills.

Hearing that Frank Wilson has sent the Baseball Suits to be laundered and that we will soon hear Bob Shields shout: 'Play Ball.' By the way we wonder if Bob will really have time to do that this summer. What with being Mayor of this lively little 'burg', and other little troubles perhaps we will have to look for another Umpire. We had great intentions of asking Harry Elliott to fill the bill.

Everybody wants to come to the big show on April 13th, when the Carbon Dramatic Society present the little comedy called 'Facing the Music.' It will be well worth a dollar, boys, to see 'Roam-co Jack' kiss his Juliet.

Our old friend 'O.O.' was in town during the week-end and needless to say he made things pretty lively. For further reference, consult the cashier at the Merchants' Bank.

John Landeryou (alias Carpenter Jack) another recruit for the sport of 'swivel fishing' has returned to Carbon, after a visit 'down East.'

Well, we will soon have a real Post-Office as Charlie Nash was observed unloading lumber at the new site, which is next to the office of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Village. May we hint to the 'City Dads', that it is pretty bad gumbo between the Business portion of the village and the new Post Office location, and that a little sidewalk would not be amiss.

Our correspondent wishes to announce that he has a real football, which could be lent to some of these chronic 'kickers', so that they can relieve their feelings a little.

We understand that we have a few boys here who can play football and after the Paschall fiasco last summer, why not a little patronage for the soccerites. We feel sure the Carbon sports would give the boys a little hand out, if a team was started.

THE

FARMERS' EXCHANGE

EVERYBODY'S STORE

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

PURITY
FLOUR

\$5.50 Per Sack

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE

GENERAL MERCHANTS
CARBON

Extend your farm operations

NO progressive farmer needs to be urged to produce to the limit of his facilities. His problem is to find the means—the capital.

Is it more stock, more housing, feed, seed grain, implements or new land to be cleared or broken?

The Bank of Toronto is ready to assist responsible farmers for these, or any purpose which will enable them to increase their production and profits.

Incorporated 1855 **THE BANK OF TORONTO**
Capital \$5,000,000 Assets over \$100,000,000
CARBON BRANCH
J. L. THOMPSON Manager

Get your
GOPHERCIDE &
KILL 'EM QUICK
at the
REXALL DRUG STORE
\$1.00 a Package

F MORRISON, Phm.B., Dispensing Chemist

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF MATTERS—TREATED
IN LIGHTER VEINTHE CITY OF PRINCE ALBERT—THE OLDEST
TOWN IN THE NORTH
WEST—DANGEROUS
DAYS—A SCHOOL BOY
CLASSIC.

I was in Prince Albert last week. I have not visited the northern city for more than twelve years, and was more than surprised at its progressive appearance. There were many good stores and business places and the public buildings were imposing and creditable. There is a splendid bridge across the Saskatchewan near where the old ferry used to ply; and the broad reaches of the noble river and the landscape which alternates between cultivated farms, rolling grassy pasture, and forest, makes a grateful relief to eyes long accustomed to the flat outlines of the level prairie.

Prince Albert was really the first town established in the north west. I think the first settler there was James Isbister, the descendant of an Orkneyman in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. This man was afterwards one of the delegation who went to Montana to bring Riel to the Saskatchewan prior to the rebellion of 1885. It was some time in the sixties that Isbister built his first shack where the city of Prince Albert now stands. Shortly afterwards he was joined by some native families, and a little later a Presbyterian mission was established there, and the place took on the semblance of a town.

During the stirring times of the Riel rebellion, Prince Albert was at one time in a dangerous position. The rebels were concentrated at Duck Lake, where they had successfully withstood an attack by the police; Batoche, which was a large half breed settlement, was near at hand; there were many Indian reserves in the vicinity; and Prince Albert lay open to attack.

Many of the able bodied men, most of whom were familiar with the use of arms, banded themselves together as volunteers and guarded the approaches to the town. All sorts of rumors were flying about, to the effect that Indians and rebels were advancing upon the place; and there was a good deal of alarm. This condition was relieved by the forced march which was made by Colonel Irvine with a considerable body of Mounted Police through the snow, from Regina. After the battle at Duck Lake Irvine was joined by the Carlton detachment under Major Crozier, and Prince Albert was safe from danger.

Although this old settlement has taken on the semblance of a modern city, there is still some of the atmosphere of the old days about it. The goods of the frontier are still displayed in the shop windows; men on horseback ride down the streets with a fine contempt for motor cars; and black bearded halfbreeds, and moccasined Indians are still to be seen. It was not so long ago that prairie might be shot in winter within the city limits; and moose are to be hunted within a day's travel. The trackless woods lie to the north and the hunter may yet find a virgin land.

I found one of my boys the other day reading that school boy classic "Tom Brown's School Days." I picked it up and ran through some of its pages. What memories of youth it conjured up—of the Bigside football match; of the cross country run with East and Tom; of the great Doctor Arnold; of Flashman the bully; and many another scene dear to the heart of a boy. But I think the most moving event in the book is the fight which Tom waged with Slogger Williams, and the causes that led up to it. In the description of the school

scene which was the prelude to the fight there is an episode, that to my mind is true and touching. Arthur the gentle, temperamental lad was construing that most beautiful of secular passages, the lament of Argive Helen; and the boy touched to the heart by the pure beauty of the words of the most beautiful

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woman of all time broke down and wept. The result was that Slogger Williams was called upon to construe and he made a wretched hash of it. He was punished, and it was when he attempted to visit his vengeance upon Arthur that Tom stepped in. A challenge was passed and the boys of Rugby school flocked to see Tom Brown, their pet craftsman, fight a round. The book is a noble one and might with advantage be read by many of our western boys.

Literature was in its infancy when old Homer wrote of Helen, and of Troy, and all the great galaxy of Grecian heroes; and with all our modern knowledge of style, and history, and mythology, we have been unable to improve upon his stirring tales and matchless phrases. What a wonderful epic is the tale of Ulysses the Wanderer—what adventures he achieved and how, when he came home to his island kingdom of Ithaca and slew the suitors of his wife with the great bow that sang of war, he could not rest, but hungered for the strange lands and strange peoples that lay beyond the western stars. Tennyson writes well of the old Wanderer in the following lines:

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these
barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete
and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard and sleep, and feed,
and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will
drink
Life to the lees: all times I have
enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly,
both with those
That loved me and alone; on
shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy
Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a
name;
For always roaming with a hungry
heart
Much have I seen and known;
cities of men
And manners, climates, councils,
governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of
them all;
And drunk delight of battle with
my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy
Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch
where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world,
whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I
move.

There lies the port: the vessel
puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas.
My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and
wrought and thought with me
That ever with a frolic welcome
took
The thunder and the sunshine
and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you
and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and
his toil;
Death closes all; but something
ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet
be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove
with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from
the rocks;

FROM A CONGRESS OF
MURDERERS

From the depths of Sing Sing prison has come a report of what amounts to the conclusions of a congress of murderers on the death penalty. They are all "lifers," and there are more than a hundred of them, and while they are no longer in the shadow of death by electrocution, many of them were saved after long periods in death cells, only to be placed in the shadow of the living death of a life sentence by a governor's clemency. The large majority, no doubt, have no hope of ever leaving prison wall before eternity's dawn, and if any mortals are capable of utter sincerity these men should be sincere in the opinions they have given.

The voice that speaks for them is the Sing Sing Bulletin, which publishes an article by one of them. He begins by saying that "the writer expects to be in this prison throughout the remainder of his life," but he gives no other clew to his identity. This man says that during the period of his confinement he has talked with all of the murderers whose opinions he reflects, and the views of them all, which have been "expressed with impressive sincerity," he hopes "may carry some thoughts to the minds of those who are fighting against the movement that is now being made to abolish the death penalty."

Even those who frankly acknowledge their guilt, he says, assert that no thought of the penalty ever entered their minds at the time their crime was committed. Some were crazed with drink, many were blinded by passion or jealous rage, few were conscious of what they were doing. "Had the electric chair been before their eyes, it would not have stayed the impulse to kill." Then he continues:

Ask any one of these hundred or more murderers what should be done with the man who kills another, and he will quickly reply that the only enduring punishment is to send the culprit to prison and keep him there until he has worked out his redemption. Put him at work, pay him for his labor, and divide his earnings between those who were dependent upon him and those who were dependent upon the earnings of the man he killed. Curtail the pardoning power of the governor to the extent that the murderer shall not be freed by political influence or by any influence until he has fully redeemed himself in the eyes of man and the eyes of God."

The unknown writer adds that when the man has been sufficiently punished, the governor should have power to pardon him only on the unanimous recommendation of the disciplinary authorities of the prison, including the prison physician and chaplain, since they should know better than any one else when the prisoner is fit to go back into the world and mingle with mankind.

Along the Way

A Fable

In the early morning, when the dew was bright on the grass, a child passed along the highway, and sang as he went.

It was spring, and the ferns were unrolling their green bundles and the hepatica showed purple under her grey fur.

The child looked about him with eager, happy eyes, rejoicing in all he saw, and answering the birds' songs with notes as gay as their own.

Now and then he dropped a seed here or there, for he had a handful of them; sometimes he

The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world. Push off and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars until I die.

threw one to the birds; again he dropped one for the squirrels; and still again he would toss one into the air for very play, for that was what he loved best.

Now it chanced that he passed by a spot where the earth lay bare, with no tree or plant to cover its brown breast.

"Oh!" said the child. "Poor place, will nothing grow in you? Here is a seed for you, and now I will plant it properly."

So he planted the seed properly and smoothed the earth over it, and went his way singing, and looking at the white clouds in the sky and at the green things unfolding around him.

It was a long, long journey the child had to go. Many perils beset his path, many toils he had to overpass, many wounds and bruises he got on the way.

When he returned, one would hardly have known, to look at him, that he was still a child.

The day had been cruelly hot, and still the afternoon sun beat fiercely down on the white road. His clothes were torn and dusty; he toiled on, and sighed as he went, longing for some spot of shade where he might sit down to rest.

Presently he saw in the distance a waving of green, and a cool shadow stretching across the white glowing road; and he drew near, and it was a tree, young and vigorous, spreading its arms abroad, mantled in green leaves that whispered and rustled.

Thankfully the child threw himself down in the pleasant shade, and rested from his weary journey; and as he rested, he raised his eyes to the green whispering curtain above him, and blessed the hand that planted the tree.

The little green leaves nodded and rustled, and whispered to one another:

"Yes, yes! It is himself he is blessing. But he does not know, and that is the best of all!"

Willie Answered

A doctor who was superintendent of the Sunday school in a small village, asked one of the boys this question:

"Willie, will you tell me what we must do in order to get to heaven?"

Said Willie, "We must die." "Very true," replied the doctor, "but tell me what we must do before we die."

"We must get sick," said Willie "and send for you."

Heard It Rattle

The witness for the defense was being cross-examined. In answer to a question put by counsel, instead of speaking he nodded his head.

Whereupon the court stenographer, who was not looking at the witness, demanded: "Answer that question."

The witness replied: I did answer; I nodded my head.

"Yes," was the retort. "I heard it rattle, but could not tell whether it was up and down or from side to side."

Ready to Oblige

Mistress: "Now, Ada, I want you to show us what you can do tonight. We have a few very special friends coming for a musical evening."

Cook: "Well, mum, I 'aven't done any singin' to speak of for years, but as you insists upon it you can put me down for 'The Oly City.'"

A Proficient Instructor

When father came hom to dinner, he observed a vacant chair at the table. "Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Harry's upstairs," came in a tone of painful precision from the mother. "It grieves me to say, Richard, that you son was heard swearing on the street."

"Swearing!" exclaimed the father, "I'll teach him to swear." And with that the angry parent started upstairs in the dark. Halfway up he stumbled and came down with a crash.

After the confusion had subsided, Harry's mother was heard saying from the hallway. "That will do, Richard. You have given him enough for one lesson."—Harper's.

LEAVE RUSSIA ALONE

Whatever Soviet Government is, whether you call it Bolshevism, or State Socialism, or anything else, it must be recognized as a fact and accepted as a condition. There are two ways of recognizing Sovietism. One is to nationalize it in Russia and let Russia do as she pleases with it—which she is as much entitled to do as Britain is to have responsible government by democracy. The other is to internationalize it by refusing to recognition and by fighting it in Russia. The Allied Nations have tried the second way, and it works—to the confusion of the Allies. The more Sovietism is challenged in Russia by nations who have no business to regard Russia as a dark continent, the more it is bound to become international and to spread to democratic countries. Every new movement thrives on persecution.

Aptly was it said by a European professor the other day that Russia will stand for either Bolshevism or Czarism, but not for what is called democracy. Russia has had the Czars. It is to be conjectured that the greater part of Russia would prefer Bolshevism to any return of the Czarism that was.

Universal Bolshevism is no more likely to succeed than a world Kaiserism. But the Bolshevistic idea has far more recruits in many countries already than Kaiserism ever had. Kaiserism was national. Bolshevism aims to be international. The best way to defeat the ultimate Bolshevistic idea is to keep it national. Let Russia have it. Let her work it out. Let the grand experiment of wealth for the workers, whether they work or whether they loaf, come to grief in one country, and the world will know what to do with it. But as long as the rest of the world keeps muddling at Russia's own internal problems, the more recruits Bolshevism will get before there is time to show up its economic fallacies. In heaven's name let Russia Bolshevize till she is sick of it. For no great nation is going to be fool enough through its workers to accept a socialistic experiment that has been tried in the country where it was born—though conceived in Germany—and found wanting.

The collapse of Poland will surely mean a collusion between Russia and Germany. This is Germany's chance. A strong Poland is necessary. But Polish ambitions have gone too far. France has gone too far in urging on Poland. There is a class of Russian reactionaries in Paris who make France believe that the Soviet is ruining Russia and that therefore Sovietism must be stopped for the good not only of Russia but of Europe and the rest of the world. This is a stupid idea. If Russia wants to go to perdition, by all means let her. The day she does, through the agency of her own socialistic ideas, will be the day when the common sense of the masses in Russia will themselves get rid of the Lenine-Trotsky regime and put something better in its place. Russia may be far behind other great nations. But Russia with all her crimes and excesses and bloody, fantastic experiments in revolution, is far ahead of what she was under the Czars and the economic penetration of Germany. If there is one great principle clearly to be kept in mind, it is that Russia must be left alone so far as her own internal government is concerned. And when British labor wants to dictate to Government, let British labor confine its activities to Britain, and leave France alone.

Absent Minded

Prof. Dogsboddy, LL.D., L.S.D., is absent minded. One night he returned home late and rang the bell. Everyone was in bed. So he rang again—quite forgetting he had his latchkey.

At last his housekeeper's head protruded itself from a second storey window.

"The professor," declared the head, "isn't in."

The professor pondered doubtfully for a moment.

"All right," he answered quietly, "I'll call again." And, hobbling down the steps, he went forth once more into the cold and cheerless night.

THE CARBON NEWS PRINTING

We are now equipped to do
all kind of first-class Printing
at **REASONABLE PRICES**

Shipwrecked Among Cannibals

to be shown at

The
FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL
on

**Thursday,
April 21st**

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF CARIBOO, HOLDEN AT FORT GEORGE.

No. 79-20.

Between: **JOHN NEWSOME**,
Plaintiff, Judgment Creditor,
and
JESSE LINCOLN McGRIBERY,
Defendant, Judgment Debtor.
PURSUANT to the Order of His
Honour Judge Chubb made herein on
the 17th day of February, A.D. 1921, I shall
offer the hereunder described land and
premises for sale at my office
Fourth Avenue, City of Prince George,
B.C., on Thursday the Second day
of June, A.D. 1921, at the hour of 10:30
o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy the
Judgment hereby dated the 16th day of
July, A.D. 1920, for the sum of \$607.25,
Principal, Cariboo.
No. of Lot, District lot 9234, Group
1.
Description of Property, 160 acres,
more or less, valuation \$1150.00.
Rents and Interest, Free Struggle.
Dated a Prince George, B.C., this 16
day of March A.D. 1921.
E. S. PETERS
Sheriff, County of Cariboo.

Anybody having **SICK ANIMALS** or
being in danger will do well to let us
know, as we never lose a chance to
cure or heal them.

ARTHUR FLETCHER

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

**Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public**
(Also of Ontario Bar)

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Dominion Life Assurance Co.
Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale
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CARBON HOTEL

Thirty Rooms
Electrically Lighted throughout

J. W. BAIRD, Proprietor

**FARMERS' EXCHANGE
HALL**

Saturday, April 16th.

CARL LAEMMLE
offers

CARMEL MYERS

in
**The
Mad Marriage**

FOR SALE—One Pairbank-Morris
Portable Engine, 15 H.P. Price right.
W. H. T. OLIVER,
p. 8-6 Cariboo.

Mr. McLeod, manager of the Mer-
chants Bank, Acme, and M Robinson,
were in Cariboo on Wednesday eve-
ning. They enjoyed their evening here
in company with some old friends.

Our paper being almost completed
when our local artists presented "Plac-
ing the Maff", we are obliged to
wait until next week to give a full
report. One thing we may mention,
however, and that is: "Everybody said
it was great."

The weather has interfered with the
proposed English Church services
this winter on more than one occa-
sion. Now, however, that Spring ap-
proaches to have definitely settled on
the job, it is hoped that there will be no
more postponements. There will be a
service on Sunday, April 17th, in the
schoolhouse at 11 a.m.

Here Parts about Man eating Canni-
bals shown in

Shipwrecked Among the Cannibals
Just one child has been born in Can-
nibal Isle in fourteen years.
Cannibal women kill their husbands
when they tire of them.
Seen at the Farmers' Exchange.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Sunday, April 17th, Dr. J. T. Fer-
guson will preach.

The Childrens' Church services
will begin with next Sunday. A year-
trial diploma is offered for a perfect
record for six months. We want the
children at church.

Do not fail to hear Dr. Ferguson
preach next Sunday. Gamble school at
2:30 and Cariboo Church at 7:30.

Mr. Talbot is a visitor to Calgary
this week to visit her daughter Mrs.
Perry Wheat, at the English nursing
home.

Mr. Cardinal Woolley celebrated his
twenty-fifth birthday on Sunday and
judging by all reports they seemed
to have had a good time. One of Mr.
Woolley's guests was in his seventh
heaven of delight and he gave his host
his home address and told him that
if he was ever broke he was to write
and let him know, so we all hope that
Mr. Talbot, the post-man, does not
run short of stamps. The same guest
was also heard to say that he had
enough money to buy the Merchants
Bank, so the Directors should look
out.

**Look Out For the
Grasshoppers**

Editor Carbon News,
Cariboo.

Dear Sir:
Our corresponding Secretary has re-
ceived the following letter:

We hope everyone will note its con-
tents and act on its suggestions.

If we do not take prompt action it
may cost us a lot of time and money
to rid ourselves of this pest.

Dear Sir:

Please accept my thanks for the in-
formation you sent with regard to the
grasshoppers in your district.

According to all reports we must
be prepared to face rather a serious
outbreak in your neighborhood this
year. If, however, the district is aware
of the danger, and is on the look-
out for the first signs of the pest,
there need be little actual loss, and
very little expense for control. For
this reason I have asked the provin-
cial authorities to send a man into
your district as soon as possible for
educational work. In the meantime
will you please bring up this matter
at your next meeting, and warn every-
one to be on the lookout for swarms
of small hoppers in the sod along the
sides of roads, and fence rows from
the middle of May onwards. The
edges of woods and swamps may
also be infested. Here the hoppers
will no appear till June. Stubble land
may be infested to a lesser extent.

Any of this that was fall ploughed
or that is spring ploughed, provided
the furrow is entirely inverted (spade
or will help will be free from hoppers.
All fallow land is free. The
grasshoppers are readily destroyed,
before they leave the sod where they
hatch, by an application of a little
salt, but delay is very dangerous. If
any one finds them in May the fact
should be reported immediately to
your municipal authorities and to the
Department of Agriculture, Edmonton.
Please keep enclosed circular by you
for reference.

Yours very truly,

E. H. STICKLAND,
Entomologist for Alberta.

We all got a pleasant surprise to
see Mr. John McIntyre strolling into
town on Wednesday. He has come
for a short visit.

JAMES PHILLIPS
**Cockshutt Implements and
Ford Cars**

We have a Carload of Cockshutt Implements
coming from Factory

ONE FORD CAR, As Good As New **\$450.00**
McLAUGHLIN CAR, A1 Shape, for **\$850.00**

Also Big Bunch of **TIRES**, Ford size, going at
below cost. **GRAIN PICKLERS, HARROWS,**
FANNING MILLS, DEMOCRATS, WAGON
TREES and YOKE SETS.

4, 5 & 6 Horse Eveners
at Cost Price

**Just Received a shipment of
SPRING HATS**
Also a good quality of Georgette
Crepe de Chine of all colors

**UP-TO-DATE
MILLINERY STORE**
C. C. TURCOTTE, Proprietor

Lumber is almost on pre-war prices and you can now
Build that House or Barn which you have
Delayed.

No Order Too Large and None Too Small

**IMPERIAL LUMBER
YARDS LTD.**

R. S. SHIELDS, Local Manager

CARBON MEAT MARKET
F. OWEN

All kind of Fresh and Cured Meats and Fresh Fish
Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.
Pork Sausage fresh daily.

Your Satisfaction means our Success

**THE
MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA**

For the past fifty-five years this bank has given
particular attention to the business of Farmers.
We have helped many over the rough places, and
have aided many more to the highest plane of
success.

We are prepared to extend you every legitimate
aid in your farming operations.
Come in at any time and talk over your affairs
with us. You are always welcome.

J. O. A. LETOURNEAU
LOCAL MANAGER

The Finest and Purest Tea Sold

"SALADA"

There is genuine and unmistakable pleasure in its daily use.

Black - Green } Try a packet from your grocer,
or Mixed } but be sure it's "Salada" 5516**CURRENT COMMENT**ON MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST TO DWELLERS
IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES OF CANADAA SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH VARIOUS
WESTERN QUESTIONS**THE MENACE**

There is no doubt whatsoever that the explosion which occurred in Wall Street, New York, a few days ago, resulting in the loss of many lives, was caused by some mad revolutionaries who attempted to gratify their envious spite by attempting to wreck some of the financial institutions of New York.

Some high explosive, probably a bomb, was set just about the noon hour, in front of the Morgan banking place at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets. This is the very centre of the financial district; the great American banking concerns are grouped all around and the sub-treasury, with its fine statue of Washington, is just across the street. The streets in this portion of New York are narrow canyons, hemmed in by sky-scraping office buildings and at the noon hour, when the multitude of employees pour out, it is one seething mass of humanity. No place could have been better selected for an outrage that would take a heavy toll of innocent human life.

This affair ought to bring home to those of us who are inclined to make light of Bolshevik activities on this side of the water, the menace which exists. There is no doubt that that large sum of money have been expended, both in the United States and Canada, to spread the pernicious doctrine of Bolshevism. There are always hare-brained enthusiasts who will take up propaganda of this nature and to their ranks are attracted all kinds of cranks, many of whom have homicidal manias. Unscrupulous leaders of the organizations find these people willing tools; no enterprise is too mad; no outrage too cruel for them. These are the irresponsible individuals whose weakness is taken advantage of by propagandists who sit in safety and handle the funds, encouraging their poor dupes to perform the most wanton outrages, and sometimes see them pay the penalty of their crimes, without compunction.

There are some people in a quashy public position, such as ministers, seeking notoriety and others who affect to see in Bolshevism some merit. This Wall Street outrage ought to bring these people to their senses. In Canada and the United States there is unquestionably some injustice in our financial social systems, but the country is big and wide and offers rewards for the expenditure of thrift, energy and enterprise to the meanest citizen. If a man cannot survive and make an adequate living for his family in the United States or Canada, there is something fundamentally wrong. We have no history of age-long repression and tyranny such as guided some of the peoples in Europe to revolt, and we want no Bolshevik or anarchistic movements. It is the duty of every good citizen to do his best to nip these pernicious doctrines in the bud.

CROP ESTIMATES

The Winnipeg Free Press has been in the habit of making crop estimates which have been pretty approximately correct. They have agricultural experts who are in the field most of the summer and are, therefore, in a position to judge. A few days ago the Free Press announced its estimate of the season's crop of the three prairie provinces as follows:

Wheat, two hundred and forty-eight million, seven hundred and forty-five thousand bushels.

Oats, three hundred and fifty-two million, one hundred and nine thousand bushels.

Barley, forty-seven million, five hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels.

Flax, seven million, one hundred and fifty-two thousand bushels.

Rye, eight million, nine hundred and twelve thousand bushels.

Taking it by and large, this means a tremendous lot of money for Western Canada as a result of the season's agricultural activities. This year has been by no means a favorable one, and crops are more or less patchy, yet even under these conditions the above figures indicate something of the wealth that lies in our soil. It is within the memory of many of us, who are not yet old, that the agricultural capacities of the west have been seriously questioned. The above figures, however, tell an eloquent tale of the progress of development and determination.

CANADIAN PICTURES OF THE WAR

A diligent little man in Piccadilly summer clothes and with an unmistakable art gleam in his spectacles is again to be seen and heard in Canada wherever artists get together. P. C. Konody was here last year. Wherever you see Konody expect a migration of war pictures. Last year at the Canadian National, Konody topped the lot in attendance records. Almost as many people paid to see the Canadian war pictures as heard the Grenadier Guards for nothing. Along comes Mr. Konody again, this time with a still vaster acreage of Canadian war canvases all en route to their final interment in the Ottawa mausoleum. We believe that a second instalment smuggled itself over here since the armistice and is now in Ottawa. The third lot, consisting of two hundred works, is the last—for which te deum laudamus! There must be at least one thousand records of Canada's part in the war. From the printed samples or Lot No. 3 we judge that they are on the whole better than Lot No. 1. No doubt thousands upon thousands of people will again crowd to see this exhibition of Martian realism and patriotic glory. But we are willing to believe that very few of Canada's army will care to see them. The terrible glory of modern war in all its super-realistic savagery is, we should like to believe, waning in popularity. No artists ever painted in any style and medium yet invented who could express Canada's part in the war. Nearing the second anniversary of the Armistice as we are, and viewing the social and economic wreckage of the world which peace has scarcely begun to rehabilitate, it would be far more compatible with the emotions of the great majority of people if we could have—instead of these painted records of horrifying war, some more human records of what has been done since November 11th, 1918, to bring humanity back to the world.

Lucky Man

At a Church conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes, the Bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that Mr. Dobson is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes, was the answer; 'you can put it that way if you like.'"

"Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical tones—all I have to say is that he has much to be thankful for."

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This outfit contains: School case, Pencil Box, Special Drawing Pencil, 6 Lead Pencils, Compass, Pen Holder, Pen Points, Box of Crayons, Eraser, Box Paints, Paint Brush, 3 Patriotic Blotters, 2 Packages Union Jack Flag stickers, so that you can put the flag on your school books, letters, etc.

We will give you this whole School Outfit free of all charge if you will sell just Three Dollars worth of our lovely Embossed Birthday, Halloween, Thanksgiving and Xmas Post Cards at 4 for 10 cents.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us the money, and we will send you the whole outfit. Address:

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Beat the High Cost of Living by your Needle**One Way to Beat the H.C.L.**

If you want to beat the high cost of living, buy a good paper pattern, get busy with your needle, and surprise yourself by making lovely things on almost nothing compared with the prices charged in the big stores. I use Home Journal patterns, because they are unusual and have a certain distinction of their own. Start with something simple, like a camisole, an envelope chemise or an apron. Work up gradually to more elaborate things. A dummy, or dress form, is a wonderful help in fitting. Always buy good material. You will find it easier to work on, and all the skilled work in the world won't make cheap material look anything but shoddy. Two yards of good lace will give a frock or waist an air that a bolt of cheap lace can never give.

I found that the best way to work on Georgette, chiffon or net is to stitch the material on the machine through two thicknesses of paper. The top of a newspaper—the white part—is good for this purpose.

When making a coat, always have a tailor stitch the lapels and press it. You will find this greatly improves the appearance.

Learn to embroider, bead and braid. Draw your pattern on tissue paper and baste to the material, then work through the paper and tear it away when finished. The right look is often achieved by a little embroidery in self color on asuit or frock, or by two or three bound buttonholes, or perhaps a tailored pocket. I copied a sixteen dollar envelope chemise of pink crepe de chine a few weeks ago, but because I was able to embroider the little French flowers in lavender, blue and pink. Hem-stitching adds greatly to the appearance of a thin waist, as around the armholes and around the cuffs.

Don't Discard Your Old Clothes

A few years ago I learned to crochet baby Irish lace. This can be used over and over again, for all kinds of collars and trimming. Right here I would like to say a few words to those poor, misguided elderly women who insist on wearing collarless blouses when their necks are perhaps not all that they should be. If they only knew how much they could improve their appearance by wearing a boned collar of net or lace, or even a velvet band, they would never go without a collar.

I have discovered that it is well not to discard anything unless it is so much worn as to be absolutely useless. I recently made a suit which had been much admired. It is of blue broadcloth, with moderately tight skirt and three-quarter length coat. I found that I had an old black fox pillow muff, much worn in spots; but I cut out the best of it and made a collar and wide cuffs. Then I bought enough black fox banding to go around the bottom of the coat. I am sure that a suit like it would bring a hundred dollars in one of the big shops, but it cost me only thirty-five dollars.

This fact reminds me that if you know how to cut fur you can make over your old neckpieces. The fur should first be ripped. Then lay your pattern on the wrong side of the fur, and with a

sharp-pointed scissors carefully cut the skin. Turn it over and see whether there are any worn places to be taken out. If so, indicate these with pins so that they can be cut out. The worn pieces that are cut out can be used as patterns for cutting the good pieces to be inserted. Sew the skin with an over and over stitch. Don't be afraid of putting in tiny pieces because the piecing doesn't show after it is finished.

Plan Your Wardrobe Ahead

I plan my wardrobe a year in advance. The stores have "clearance sales," usually in midsummer and at the beginning of the year. Things can then be bought at one-third of the regular prices. Many people say: "How do you know what you will want so far ahead?" I do not buy unless I am sure that I can use it. Certain conservative things are always good.

A short time ago I bought some lovely fine, silver lace at a ridiculously low price, because I knew I would soon need a new evening

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dress. At the time, I did not know exactly how I would use it. I began looking around at evening dresses, and not long after I saw in a "French" room, a lovely model of satin with a Georgette overdress with my same lace applied with a few stitches of handwork. The price was one hundred and seventy-five dollars. It will cost me about twenty-five dollars to copy. By the way, to preserve silver lace from tarnishing, I learned from a lace buyer, keep it rolled in black tissue paper away from the light. And you can make lovely negligees out of your old evening gowns by adding a little Georgette for trimming, flowing sleeves perhaps, and ribbons in contrasting colors for a girdle.

Some Helpful Suggestions

My clothes are always remodeled at least once, and sometimes oftener. However, I seldom do so immediately after discarding them, because they are too easily recognized and also because I am tired of them myself. When a dress is undesirable, I carefully brush it and remove all spots, then rip it, and save the best parts of it, also anything in the way of trimmings, findings, etc. I have a box for woollens, one for silk, a place for laces, findings, trimmings, ribbons, etc., also one for millinery things. The result is that when I get ready to make anything over, or make something new, I have an assortment easy to find, and usually find the thing I want.

I suggest that you keep a notebook and pencil in your bag, so that you can jot down the details of a gown or waist that strikes your fancy. Do not forget the details, for a frock is often "made" by certain color combinations, a few buttons in the right place, a frill of fine lace, and so on.

Of course, if you can afford to wear "original" or "exclusive" models, it would be foolish to make your own clothes. But if you cannot, don't buy inferior clothing when you can dress well and save money by persevering and sewing for yourself. Don't be discouraged if it comes slowly. Follow up your first attempt by another, and still another, while you are in the mood, and sewing will soon become a pleasure instead of a bugbear.

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An Important Part of Trousseau

There is nothing more important in the bridal trousseau than the table linen. But here, like everywhere else, substitutes have crept in. They just had to make their appearance in spite of the fact that our grandmothers would hold up their hands in horror if they could see how linens have been replaced by various other things they never heard tell of.

Possibly table linen has come in for the greatest share of substitutes and the bride who is now buying her trousseau spends a great deal of time in selecting table mats to take the place of the good old-fashioned table cloths. If a bride-to-be has one large linen table cloth in her collection these days she is doing well.

For the summer—if she has an eye to saving the laundry bills—she will include crocheted raffia table mats in pretty colors. For her city home she should have at least two ordinary luncheon sets made of natural shade Holland linen, embroidered in whatever color she chooses. Then, if she wants to "cut out" table cloths altogether, as many are doing, she can have a special linen luncheon set—which can be used for dinner too—of Maderia embroidery or crocheted lace. A set of the former can be obtained for the price of one large table cloth, and can be used more than once without washing.

The pieces of the set should include one dozen doilies of the plate size, one dozen side plate doilies and one dozen tumbler size. Then there should be three platter cloths, not forgetting a large centre-piece for the middle of the table. Breakfast sets include the same sizes, but only half a dozen of each are necessary.

One dozen large serviettes for dinner should also grace the trousseau. If the bride-to-be is fond of pretty things it is nice to have her monogram embroidered in one corner. A dozen of a smaller

size should be included as well as one dozen afternoon tea napkins of Maderia embroidery or, if simplicity is desired, plain hemstitched ones with a tiny monogram in the corner.

Bed linen is also a big item in the trousseau, for nothing looks prettier in a new house than to see linen adorning beds. One dozen double or single sheets are sufficient, and again if the prospective bride wants a little fanciness she can have the top end hemstitched in a wide hem with her monogram in the centre, about two inches above the hem. Two sets of fancy sheets are nice to have for the guest room. For this a wide crocheted band of insertion across the top of the sheet is attractive with a large monogram in the centre with the same effect on pillow slips to match. One dozen pillow cases should be bought, simply hemstitched at the edge with a monogram embroidered about an inch above the stitching.

At least three bedspreads are necessary. Two would be nice of fine embroidered white lawn, for to our minds there is nothing so nice as an all-white bed. The third could be a little more fancy, designed with two wide bands of heavily crocheted lace down each side, coming about a foot from the edge of the bed, a very large monogram embroidered in the centre and the edges turned back about three inches and finished with neat hemstitching.

One dozen large towels are essential. A monogram initialed at one end is very effective or the last initial of the girl's name. A half dozen fancy towels can nearly always be counted on as engagement presents from different friends as well as a dozen pretty guest towels. There should be plenty of face cloths, bath towels, dusters and dish towels, so that when the bride-to-be has all these items included in her trousseau she can be sure that there will be nothing that she has left out.

ACT TO COMPEL TOWN PLANNING

Two provinces in Canada, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia, will shortly have the power to say to the local councils of every city, town or village within their borders: "We have the right, by virtue of the Town Planning Act of this province, to ask you to prepare a plan of your future development so that there will be some assurance that your village or town may grow up in orderly fashion and provide for your citizens an agreeable place in which to live and do their work. Such is the law of this province." If the local councils should say, "We have been in the habit of doing as we liked," the provincial authorities may say: "The development of towns and cities has not been very satisfactory in the past; it has often produced intolerable living conditions for vast numbers of people. These results have been bad for the country and bad for the race. Children have been stunted in their growth physically, intellectually and spiritually. Families have been broken up because they had no room to live in decency and comfort. Slums have been allowed to grow up that have become hot-beds of disease and crime. Residential districts have been blighted by the encroachment of industries into their areas. Opportunities for the preservation of natural beauty that might have afforded permanent spiritual refreshment to the citizens have been neglected. A few men have been allowed to make much money by appropriating the increments of land values that are due to the existence of a community and to the improvements that are paid for by the citizens. They have been allowed to sweat the land, and have so crowded buildings on it that the

occupiers have been deprived of necessary light and air and ventilation. It is the function of the government to protect the people from what is injurious to health and welfare. The mere incentive of gain is not to be trusted to make a decent world. The law forbids men to make money out of the prostitution of women. It is going to forbid them to create slums which are the schools of all the social evils. Your tenure of office may be very short. The things you do or leave undone may last for generations."

There is a new science of orderly town building that is being adopted in all parts of the civilized world. This province has adopted a town planning act which is intended to secure for the people of this province:

1. Decent living conditions by the assurance to them of light, air, ventilation, sanitation and room to live. Land sweating must stop, because it is injurious to health, welfare and morals. The density and height of buildings must be regulated by law.

2. Better opportunities for industry, both manufacture and agriculture, by allocating special districts for the former and by a thorough system of land classification for the latter so that agricultural effort shall not be wasted.

3. The creation of commercial districts and centres for the grouping of public buildings.

4. The provision of parks and recreation grounds so that adults and children may have opportunity for the expression of the wholesome passion for play.

5. The preservation of places of natural beauty from needless destruction so that civic pride may have something more spiritual than a per capita valuation for its nourishment.

The provincial authorities, if they are wise, will say: "We ask for your co-operation on the grounds of patriotism, business in-

terest and civic self-respect. The framing of a plan for your future development will be under your own jurisdiction and the creation of the necessary by-laws, subject to the approval of the director of town planning for the province."

A People's Movement

In these two provinces, as in Great Britain and France, it has been recognized that the logical outcome of the town planning movement is law, carrying with it the compulsion that is the meaning and essence of law. It has been recognized in Great Britain that merely permissive and hortatory legislation to prevent the appalling evils of excessive infant mortality and the waste of human life and happiness, incidental to the haphazard development of towns, is of little use where authorities only sleep on their traditions or where owners of land fail to realize that town planning may be their best friend.

There are also provincial town planning laws in Manitoba, Alberta, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In Ontario there is a Planning and Development Act which takes no account of practically everything that is essential to town planning and urgently needs amendment. In the provinces of Quebec and British Columbia there are signs that provincial town planning may be adopted, though progress appears to be very slow.

It is coming to be felt that the town planning movement is so much a people's movement touching their welfare and happiness so intimately and vitally, that its operation should not be held up year after year by overworked politicians who have not educated themselves to see the significance of the movement. When the time for its operation comes, its most direct and beneficial affect will be felt in the small towns where the mistakes due to planless development are not beyond cure and where future growth may be guided to a definite and conscious end.

In the provinces where Acts have been passed, the effectiveness of the law will depend upon the efficiency, knowledge and enthusiasm of the statesmen and officials who have charge of its operation, but also to a large extent upon local organizations which, because of their knowledge of the blighting effects upon human character of bad living conditions and unregulated development will supply the public opinion and the public demand for the fulfilment of the law.

Ontario has not yet sprung to the lead in this matter, as might be expected with its fine traditions, but there seem to be signs of active consciousness that town planning and zoning are not luxury crazes, but urgent necessities for the preservation of property values, for the promotion of civic economy and efficiency, and for the extension of human welfare and happiness.

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WHY I MARRIED HIM WHY I MARRIED HER

WHAT THE WIVES SAY

He has such charming manners—not aggressively charming, but his air is always so well bred. I do love this in a man.

He wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and it's awfully monotonous to be proposed to once a week! (N.B.—I rather admired his persistence at the bottom of my heart!)

He's just my ideal of what a man should be; and yet he's not particularly handsome or particularly anything!

I loved the way he always looked after me whenever he took me out.

Why did I marry him? He is twenty years older than I, and I used to love gaiety and flirting. And yet—how superficial such pleasures seem to be now that I have him and he has me!

He used to look at me sometimes—you who have a lover will know what I mean. I just knew without any words that he had placed me far above others in his heart.

He was so unselfish, and never thought about himself when I was around. And yet he's not so considerate to everybody!

In my presence he was shy, awkward and constrained. But I first began to love him through the letters he wrote to me when he went to the front. My love story, told in letters, is such a pretty one.

It was a case of "Love me, love my dog!" And he does love dogs. I always think that a man who loves animals must be O.K.

Because he simply couldn't be effeminate. Most girls love a manly man. I do.

I first began to love him because he always insisted on taking care of me, as if I were a baby! He'd do up my gloves, and insist on my wearing goloshes on a wet day!

We liked the same pursuits, and we read the same books. In everything we seemed to be in complete harmony. That's why our marriage has proved to be an ideal one.

Something In Oils

He was anxious to purchase a present for his wife, and, as he liked pictures and as the walls seemed bare, he soon hit upon a satisfactory form for his gift.

"Where shall I find something really nice in oils for the dining room?" he asked the clerk at a department store.

"On the third floor," began the clerk; then he paused and looked doubtfully at the inquirer. Did you mean a painting or something in the sardine line,? he asked.

WHAT THE HUSBANDS SAY

She loved to "mother" people, and between you and me and the lamp post, I do like her to make a fuss of me sometimes!

I like girls to be a wee bit helpless and confiding now and then—even if they don't feel very helpless! That's why I married her—because she lets me look after her and care for her.

When I first saw her running about her home, so happy and so busy, with such a cunning blue overall and cap to show what a fine little housewife she was, I thought how ripping it would be to have her running about a little flat that belonged to the two of us!

Because my evenings were so lonely!

I do admire a girl who's got dainty ways—who loves feminine fripperies, takes a pride in her hands, and always wears pretty shoes so that you can admire her feet. That's a pen sketch of my little wife!

When I saw her one day with her sister's baby in her arms, the little head resting against her breast, I thought—well, you can just guess what I thought!

I was so frantically jealous of every other fellow who looked at her that I just had to marry her as quickly as possible!

She always seemed to be so bright and gay—and she has the prettiest smile you ever saw.

She was a dear little pal always, and I liked telling her things somehow. Just fancy letting her spend her life with another fellow!

Because she's the prettiest little girl I have ever seen!

She's so sympathetic. She always seemed to be really interested in anything I talked about. I like a girl who can talk amusingly; but the girl who can listen intelligently beats her hollow all the same!

She never seemed to have those "catty" views about other girls that men hate so intensely.

A man doesn't want to marry a gad about flirt. My wife is a dear little home-bird, all the same, keeps broad minded, and moves with the times, and is well-read.

LITTER-ATURE.

Scout: "I have an uncle who is making big money from his pen."
Patrol Leader: "That so?"

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

There are not many writers who can make a decent living from their pen.

Scout: "But he isn't a writer, he raises pigs."

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For this Month and next month only.

No delay in waiting as we can load 3 teams at the time.

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Troughing your House, I can save you money.
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Bring Your Pails and Pans that have Holes in
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Any size you want. Prices low.
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Get our prices before you build. We have long experience in the
building trade. It will be to your advantage to see us.

Estimates Free.

The Fourth Commandment was ig-
nored by numerous citizens on Sunday
last. We observed one fellow paint-
ing his house, another washing his
car, and another giving his Ford the
usual Spring overhaul. The worst of
it was they all lived on Church
street.

We believe that Harry Douglas had
to stand considerable 'joshing' after
our little paragraph about the Cold
Cream in last week's issue, but never
mind, Harry, we are going to get the
'joshers' in due course.

We know a young fellow named Willie
Whom some people think might be
silly,
But, believe me, old pals, he's great
on the gals,
Especially one nick-named Spill.

Coming Events.

The rejuvenation of the Greasy
Spoon. The old name sounds rather
notorious, so we will suggest a new
title. 'The Hall of Fame.'

Mr Basil Cox, one of the new set-
tlers on the Pope Lease, has just
erected a fine wind mill on his farm.
Basil celebrated the event in the usual
fitting manner.

Mr Lindsay Elliott, local represen-
tative and information bureau for the
Soldiers' Settlement Board has opened
a new office in Carbon. Any ques-
tions, on Soldiers' Loans, Feminine
matters, etc, will be satisfactorily an-
swered by Lindsay.

Bill McPherson of the Farmers' Ex-
change staff, wishes to announce that
he expects his prize money from the
Albertan Football Competition very
shortly, and that the promised event
of an Oyster Supper, will become a
reality.

Well, the trails are drying very fast
and soon we will see the long string
of stages from Carbon to Grainger.
We were going to suggest to the mun-
cipality that they double-track the
trail between here and Grainger.

The Auto time will soon be here.
You then will have your choice
Of riding in a Dodge or Ford,
Or, George F. Tutts Rolls Royce (?)

Ch, Gee, won't it be a grand and
glorious feeling when you can say to
some of these stage Drivers 'Drop me
off at Grainger in time to catch the
train.' Instead of meekly inquiring 'can
you find room for another in your
'Jaunting Car'.

Fred Rylander's latest operatic Tit-Bit
The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German loves his beer,
The Englishman loves his 'arf and arf
Because it brings good cheer,
The Irishman loves his whiskey
straight, because it brings him
dizziness.

The Swede he has no choice at all
So drinks the whole darn business.

Friend meeting grouchy neighbor.
'Hello, Mr 'Arrison.
'I'm not Mr 'Arrison,' replied the
grouchy man.

'Well, if a — Hatch — a Hay — two
Harris — a Hi — a Hess — a Hoe and
a Hen do not make 'Arrison, I don't
know what on earth they do make.'

The Big Dance of the Season will
be held in the Community Billiard Hall,
Carbon, on Friday, April 22nd in aid
of the Carbon Athletic Club.

Mr I. Jacobson has kindly donated
the Hall to the Club, an excellent
floor has been laid, giving a dancing
space of 30x80 ft. This together with
music furnished by Bailey and Lit-
tle's Orchestra assure a good time to
all.

Refreshments served by the Ladies
of Carbon.

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Alta. p 7-8

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EDMONTON, Canada

Opportunities for Educated Englishwomen in Canada Are not Recognized

By Lydia Kingsmill, Commander.

English women are, more and more, turning eager eyes toward the Dominions overseas, and are questioning what each new country has to offer and where will be found the warmest welcome and the widest room.

To the questioning of the domestic worker the response is prompt and encouraging. She is wanted everywhere. For the educated English woman the prospects are not so bright. Even from the older provinces of Canada, such as Ontario, with its long-settled sections, its many towns and cities, no call is sent out for trained business or professional women.

"The women Ontario wants are probationary nurses for government institutions, and domestic workers for towns and farm," explained Brigadier-General R. Manley Sims, agent-general of Ontario. General Sims' department does not include emigration, but constant inquiries come to him and he can speak with authority of Canadian conditions and needs.

Are Not Encouraged

"The fact is," he continued, "there is not much encouragement being given to educated women to emigrate to Canada. There is no organized system of assisting and caring for them as there is for domestic workers. That is because, so far, there is no demand for them. Naturally the people of Canada must decide what class of women they desire, because they must decide their own future. And it is the women of Canada who regulate this matter. The emigration of women to Canada is practically governed by the Canadian women as a whole. They really got the ear of the government. They were dissatisfied with regard to the way the matter was being handled and they organized in all the provinces, went to the government and stated their case. They made such a strong presentation that the government yielded and practically turned the whole matter over to the women. They appointed women officers for all the provinces and have the entire matter in hand.

"Then do you consider there are no opportunities for educated English women in Ontario," I asked.

"On the contrary, I am sure there are openings," was the reply. "But so far the way has not been prepared, as it has for domestic workers."

"What about the 'demobbed' land girls in a new country?" I asked.

Opening for Land Girls

Probably there would be openings in Canada for many of our army of 100,000 land girls, who were trained in out door work," replied General Sims, "but it must always be remembered that the Anglo-Saxon never willingly accepts the idea of women for out door labor. It is considered, and I think rightly, too rough and too heavy for them. It was a war emergency measure and we don't want it continued.

"But there ought to be an opportunity in Canada for many women who are among what we call the 'new poor.' We have many single women with from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year of pri-

vate income. Such women would find small farming both pleasant and profitable. Small specialty farms can be, and are, successfully run by women. They can raise honey, fruit, chickens, etc., and even pigs. These women would supply the capital and management, employing men to do the really heavy work, and the net result would be of advantage to all. The women would be happier with their prosperous little farms and the country would be enriched by the produce."

"What about women for business life?" was my next question. "No doubt there are openings for educated women," he answered, "those that are thoroughly trained, because English trained women usually have a knowledge of foreign languages which large numbers of Canadian girls do not. For instance, I have had, in the last two years, six English girls in my employ, and, of these, two have been absolutely proficient in German and French. Perhaps one reason educated girls are not encouraged to go to Canada is that there is a feeling that the positions should be kept for the Canadian girls. Their parents have had the expense of rearing and training the daughters, and it seems right that they should have the lucrative posts in their own land. It must, however, be said that Canada does not encourage women emigration of any sort as some other parts of the empire do. New Zealand pays the settler's fare out and gives her \$10 to spend. Ontario advances \$40 to domestic servants and requires repayment. Quite a difference!

Could Start Small Business

Aside from women taking business posts, there would be openings for the woman of moderate capital to start a small business, other than farming. Some women here have successfully launched small businesses. One woman I know bottles fruit beautifully. She sells at a fancy price, \$1.50 a bottle, and she is now making \$9,000 a year.

"Of course, educated English women should settle only in or near the towns and cities. When they go to the backwoods the monotony of the life is apt to drive them insane. All these things would have to be arranged to make a success of the emigration of educated women. It would be a crime to induce fine, trained, valuable women to go out to a new country before there were facilities for giving them proper care and attention. There would have to be some proper organization for taking them to Canada and placing them properly, otherwise there would be untold misery and loss.

"So far, Ontario is not making any active effort to attract this class of women. But that will probably develop in time. The necessary arrangements will need big, far-seeing plans and thorough organization. When this can be done, it will be of great service to both countries. It will take some of the finest class of English women to Canada, women who must be properly taken care of, but who will be worth all the care they cost. Such emigration will give a broad, free life to many women who have not here full room, and it will give to Canada citizens of a quality to enrich and strengthen her national life."

ing is a hook and a frame, usually home-made, to stretch the burlap on and strip halls of material.

The design is drawn or stenciled on the stretched burlap and the hooking is started in the centre. In hooking two or three strands of the burlap, thread is caught so that the wrong side is well finished, and when the design is well worked the edge is rolled and hemmed, coarsely buttonholled or crocheted. The surface is trimmed where any unevenness is apparent in the length of the mossy effect.

Designs of Labrador

Women of Labrador, aided by the men out of the fishing season, did a number of such rugs under the guidance of French missions. These were most remarkable in coloring and pattern. Things familiar to the eyes of the makers were utilized in the designs—polar bears, sledges with dogs, pine trees, the sun shining on wintry scenes in cold blues, greens and grays, with few figures and all black bordering. They were pictures of the frozen north, and those who bought of the first consignment used them for wall decorations. This effect showed what could be done in this sort of rug making with primitive designs.

A popular variety of crocheted rug is done by crocheting narrow strips of cotton flannel over clothes line with a coarse crochet needle. These make most durable round rugs, and are not dyed until they are finished. They are then dyed to match the color scheme of the room in which they are to be used. These home-made rugs should be harmoniously dyed and properly placed in suitable surroundings to look their best.

The Woven Varieties

Hand-woven rugs are made of almost every conceivable material, including lawns, cretonnes, satins, ducks, cotton flannels, ticking, ropes and yarns. In buying materials for rugs it is found that remnants are not practicable because of requiring more seams, and it is harder to manage colors. Damaged goods is often to be had at fair prices in ten or fifteen yard pieces, and is better than short lengths. The strips should be cut or torn, three-quarters of an inch wide, and rolled as cut to prevent snarling. Two and a half pounds, cut from five to seven square yards of material, make one yard of weaving.

White warp is considered best for all rug use. It is called by the trade four-ply H. Scotch wool rugs made in this way are considered the most durable.

Chinese wool, flax, Navajo, reed, raffa, grass, rush, braided rag, hooked and hand-woven are all excellent wearing summer rugs and furnish the cottager a wide choice at reasonable prices. They are all to be had in the shops if the home facilities for making are inadequate.

The so-called washable rag rugs wash well if plenty of soap or powder is used to take out the dirt, oil and disturbed dye. They must then be well dried, and should be mangled to make them lay well. If not carefully rinsed the rugs look muddy and dirtier than before. The fringe requires special snapping, brushing and combing, otherwise it had better be cropped.

In weaving, if a fuzzy rug is desired, use denim and unbleached muslin for the torn stripping.

TWO TABLES

(By Florence Howard Wolcott)

I like to see a festive board with linen snowy white
And glass and silver gleaming in the mellow candle light;
The waitress in her starched cap, the viands rich and rare;
The jolly guests around the board with whom I love to share.
But best of all I love to see a table set for two,
A plate of golden muffins and the percolator's brew—
No waitress near to bother us, no eye but mine to see
The loved one who sits opposite and breaks the fast with me.

We understand that, wit a view to economy, Peace Conferences during the next ten years will be held not more than four times a year.

The Whole Farm a Home

You don't think of your home on a farm as just the space inside four walls—the feeling of home spreads out all round, into the garden, the orchards, the henhouses, the barn, the spring house, because you are all the time helping to produce live things in those places and make them grow, and they on their products are all the time coming back into your kitchen from orchard, garden, barn or henhouse as part of the things you handle and prepare for meals or market every day. That is one of the peculiarities of making a home on a farm.

If your husband was working in a factory or a mine, his product would pass out of his hands as soon as it was finished and be disposed of by others without coming into his home, and the wife might never see the smallest particle of it, much less help him with it. But a considerable part of the farmer's product is raised to be consumed in his own house or fed back to his stock, and most of what he sells comes into the kitchen—or on the back porch—to be prepared for market by his wife's hands or under her eye.

Little chores like tying up 1000 bunches of rhubarb and 150 bunches of asparagus a week always fell to my share. The men don't like bothering with such small things; it means so much sorting to get the bunches all the same size, as they must be if you want to keep up your trade. Rhubarb and asparagus came along in April and opened up the rucking season for me—150 bunches of rhubarb and twenty-five to thirty-five of asparagus a day. Rhubarb isn't much trouble, but asparagus is, because the tips are so apt to break off if you handle it carelessly; besides, you have to watch it all the time in the bed and cut it almost on the minute, it grows up so fast. Leave it out a few hours on a hot day, and it has grown too tall and leafy to sell. We had only a small bed of it, but the thousand or more bunches we cut from it every season brought us upward of \$300, and with very little work compared with some of the other things we raised. The rhubarb brought about the same.

Both crops ran about six weeks, and then came the beets—at least a thousand bunches a week right along for a month—with carrots, radishes, and young onions whenever we raised enough to sell. So taking them all together, the bunches I tied and got ready footed up to about 15,000 every year.

Lighting Up the Ocean

How Certain Marine Creatures Illuminate the Water

On still nights in tropical waters the sea oftentimes is illuminated as if by fires of its own. Every breaking wave-crest looks like a flame. An oar disturbing the surface seems to dip into molten metal. Swimming fishes leave wakes of brilliant brightness.

The phenomenon is due to the presence in the water of innumerable multitudes of minute animals, each of which holds up its tiny torch, so to speak, to contribute to the illumination.

Marine creatures of many tribes—crustaceans, jelly fishes, cephalopods, fishes of various species, etc.—carry lights. Some fishes have luminous disks on their heads; others have luminous spots along their sides, and yet others are covered with a luminous slime.

The "angler" fish has a regular torch for a back fin, enabling it to see while looking out for victims which its light is expected to attract. Another finny species, found only at great depths, carries on the end of its nose what looks like an electric light bulb, and which serves an equivalent purpose.

It is in the depths of the ocean that the really remarkable light-bearing fishes dwell. There is a realm of inky darkness, into which no ray of daylight penetrates. If they are to have light, they must furnish it themselves; and, to catch every possible glimmer, most of them are provided with huge eyes.

All this work kept right on every day of the week, for growing things don't rest on Sundays, and must be picked and prepared for Monday's market, the cows milked, the stock and chickens fed, eggs gathered and sorted and boxed, dinner cooked and cleared away—the biggest dinner of the week, too, with company always to be expected in summer if you have any friends living in the city. Only the heavy work, such as plowing and harrowing, stops for the day's rest; the chores never do.

Once in a while we had a chance to go to church, generally in the winter, and we always took one day off in the summer to go somewhere on a sort of a picnic, the whole family together.

Perhaps you are asking how I ever got time to sleep. I didn't! That is a positive fact. Nine o'clock was as early as I ever got to bed—which wasn't often except in winter—but ten o'clock more nearly hit it for early. Eleven, twelve, half past, and even one in summer, to be up again at half past two, was what I counted on.

One year one of the babies was very sick and cried so in the night unless someone held him, that the others could not sleep. As they needed sleep worse than I did, I sat up and rocked him. I used to make a little nest in my lap and fasten him with a shawl so he wouldn't fall off when I went to sleep myself, though I didn't get much, as I was so afraid of dropping him. He was sound enough asleep by half past two for me to lay him on the lounge when I went out to the milking. But for whole days at a time that year I never had my clothes off, and did not know what a night's rest meant.

The kitchen is something more than just the main workroom—it is a living room, too, no matter how much you may pride yourself on your sitting room or parlor. Many farmers' families eat in the kitchen also, and use the dining room for Sundays and company. Eating in the kitchen certainly saves a great many steps in the course of the day, and they have to be taken into account when your work begins at half past two. As there is no nursery for the children—at least I never heard of one on a farm—it is the kitchen where the little children and the babies must spend most of their time indoors so that the mother can keep an eye on them.

Most remarkable in this respect of all known deep sea fishes is the "argyropelicus," which carries a couple of dozen lanterns of large size—one on each side, in front of the eye, and the others along the belly in a double row. These are veritable bull's eye lamps, each of them with a double-convex lens of crystal clear substance and a reflector behind.

The light is emitted by a mass of cells in the rear part, while the purpose of a reflector is served by a lustrous sheet of white fibrous tissue. Each lantern has a muscular arrangement for turning it this way or that, and is connected by a nerve (entering at the back) with the central nervous system, by which its mechanism is manifestly controlled. Thus in all likelihood the fish is able to turn its lights on or out at will.

The light of the marine torch-bearers and lantern-carriers (silver, golden, or sometimes greenish) is cold light, illumination without heat. It represents the solution of a problem which science has tried in vain to puzzle out. In other words it is light without waste, the energy employed in making it being wholly expended in illumination.

It used to be thought that this light was due to the presence of phosphorus—when the term "phosphorescence." Long ago that absurd notion was exploded. The best theory at present is that it is attributable to some sort of chemical substance secreted by the animal, which, when oxygen comes into contact with it, gives out light. In the case of the "argyropelicus" we have recognizable "photogenic cells" like those of the firefly's flashlight apparatus.

How To Make The Rug

Among the old-fashioned accomplishments that have followed the knitting craze is rug making. Women have formed classes to learn the art of braiding and sewing the quaint round and oblong rug dear to New England housewives' hearts. The new rugs are even more beautiful than the old ones, for by purchasing new materials definite color schemes may be followed. These are a decided

improvement on the hit or miss coloring inside black or drab gray borders of the antique rugs made of the old rags.

The so-called hooked rugs made of burlap or potato sacking foundations are making steady progress under skilful fingers on many summer porches. There is likely to be an epidemic of this variety this fall. All that is required for this style of rug mak-

Anglophobia and Yankeeophobia

Anglophobia is said to be rife in the United States—and according to some reckless-minded people, Yankeeophobia is prevalent in Britain. Statements like these lead one to imagine that if a section of any community gets smallpox, everybody is going to die of it. There are Anglophobists in America, many of them. From now until the next Presidential election the number is likely to increase. The League of Nations and the Irish question are responsible for most of them. The fact is that for the first time in history the United States of America is conducting an election on international issues. The Republican party have repudiated the League. The Democratic party must stand for it. The Monroe Doctrine is being tested. America for the Americans is the cry. But—who are the Americans? The argument as to who won the war is too old for anybody to bother about. There is more sense in arguing who is to win the next war. The sensible minority who always dominate the sentiment of any sane country, understand that at least one war is technically over, and that in another generation it will make no difference just how it was won, or mainly by whom. There is no time for argument about the old war.

One thing, however, is clear: Monroe or no Monroe, League or no League, the United States of America is no longer isolated. Either that nation must admit itself into the great quarrelsome family of nations known as the civilized world, or degenerate into a third-rate power in all but physical size and population. The United States is no longer the New World. All the world is old. The war has made it so. If any nation can discover a new world in ideas and put it into operation, the old world has room for it. But for the main business of getting along in the Great International Animosities known as Civilization, the world is just one place. The United States can no more hold aloof from it on a plea of America for the Americans than the sun can cease to shine. The wisdom of both the United States and Great Britain is for the statesmen in each to know when to leave the other alone. Britain may decide to stay out of Europe, but it is impossible. From now on, whatever peace the world knows must be worked for simultaneously by all the leading nations. Certain sectional or partisan interests in neither of the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples can be allowed to break down Anglo-Saxon solidarity. The best, and therefore the strongest, element in either country stands for Anglo-American accord as the greatest hope of the world.

Public speeches on great occasions do not always reflect the average state of mind. But the publication of such speeches does a powerful lot to make the average what it ought to be. At the recent presentation of the St. Gaudens Statue of Lincoln to Great Britain, at the memorable unveiling in

Canning Square, when Elihu Root, great American, made the presentation, when Lord Bryce, great Englishman and interpreter of America, presided at the meeting and when Lloyd George, great man of the people, whatever his shortcomings as a statesman, expressed the real feelings of the British nation as nobody else living could have done, things were said which should outweigh all the Hearst-inspired hatred of Britain in the United States or any inspired Yankeeophobia in Great Britain.

Elihu Root said:

"Put aside superficial differences, accidental and unimportant, and Abraham Lincoln appears in the ample greatness of his life and character, and his service to mankind, a representative of the deep and underlying qualities of his race—the qualities that great emergencies reveal unchangingly the same in every continent, the qualities to which Britain owed her life in the terrible years of the last decade, the qualities that have made both Britain and America great. He was imbued with the conception of justice and liberty that the people of Britain had been working out in struggle and sacrifice since before Magna Charta—the conceptions for which Chatham and Burke and Franklin and Washington stood together a century and a half ago, when the battle for British liberty was fought and won for Britain as well as for America on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the identity of these fundamental conceptions in both countries which makes it impossible that in any great world emergency Britain and America can be on opposing sides."

Lloyd George said:

"In his life he was a great American. He is American no longer. He is one of those giant figures, of whom there are very few in history, who lose their nationality in death. They are no longer Greek, or Hebrew, or English or American—they belong to mankind. These eminent men, whose statues are in that square, are great Englishmen. I wonder whether I will be forgiven for saying that George Washington was a great American, but Abraham Lincoln belongs to the common people of every land. He is of their race, of their kind, of their blood, of their nation, the race of the great common people. They love that haggard face, with the sad and tender eyes. There is a worship in their regard. There is a faith and a hope in that worship. May I respectfully, earnestly say one word from this platform to the great people of America? This torn and bleeding earth is calling today for the help of the America of Abraham Lincoln."

These may be emotional utterances, but they mean more of what is in the common mind of the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples than any of the coffee-house gossip or the headline hysterics of Hearst.

Baby's Eyes

We have two sets of teeth to go through life with, but only one pair of eyes; and, while we don't begin to use even our first full set of teeth until we're two years old or more, we are working our eyes from the very day we're born—unlike a dog or a cat, you know! Indeed, our eyes are very precious things, and to be tended as such—and if more care had been taken of the children's eyes in the past, we should have more fighting men to put in the field today.

Of course, the first important duty with regard to a baby's eyes falls upon the monthly nurse. It is a tremendously important duty, for it is from negligence at the time of birth, you remember, that most cases of infantile blindness spring. But after Nurse has gone, Mother must carry on her good work. She must bathe the little eyes night and morning with boric lotion, comfortably warm but not hot, and she must use either little pieces of absorbent wool or else scraps of old soft linen. The same piece shouldn't be used for

each eye, and both pieces should be burnt directly they are used.

If ever you should see any signs of inflammation about a baby's eyes, or if ever a discharge should appear, you ought to tell

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your doctor at once. Don't, in any case, try using hot fomentations or "poultices," as the chances are that this is quite the wrong treatment—and, anyway, it often leads to very grave results.

A Dark Room to Sleep in

Baby soon learns to like soft diffused light, but he bears bright light very badly at first, and his pram should be nicely shaded either with a dark lined hood or a canopy. Don't tire Baby's sight with much flashing and shaking of bright toys, and, if you can possibly manage it, teach him

from the first to pass his night in a perfectly dark room.

By all means shelter Baby's eyes from cold winds for these are a common cause of "running" and sore eyes; but don't get him into the habit of wearing a veil. Veils are good for nobody's eyes, and for a baby's least of all.

As Baby grows into a little boy or girl, be careful to discourage him in the habit of rubbing his eyes with the knuckles on first waking. So many children do this, and it is really injurious to the sight. And, of course, you will insist upon all work being done in a good light—coming from behind or at the side, not across the eyes.

Eye strain among children will often show itself in a peering, frowning expression, and you may think "What a disagreeable looking little creature that is!" when really the sight is to blame. A "sandy" feeling inside the lids, especially on first waking, is another sign of eye-strain.

If your little one squints, suffers from headaches, or has difficulty in seeing either near or far objects, take him to your doctor or to an eye hospital—not to a spectacle maker. I know how distressed you will feel if the dear

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little eyes have to be given glasses to wear, but remember that if the trouble is taken in time your child won't have to use glasses for very long probably, and will have a much better chance of growing up pretty than if his eyes continued to squint or to strain.

Shades of Brown Paper

"Colds in the eye," "styes," and "sore eyes" are best treated by attention to the general health; the recipe is fresh air, good food, and cod liver oil and malt as an "extra." The eyes should be bathed with warm boric lotion, and just a little boric ointment may be smeared on the edge of the lid at night. Avoid draughts and dusty winds, and, in winter, don't let the child "roast" his eyes and face over a hot fire.

About shades: doctors don't advise you to use the "bought" kind nowadays. You are apt to put them away after the child is better and bring them out again for another little patient—a very unhygienic thing to do! You had far better make one out of stiff dark brown or dark green paper, with tapes threaded through holes in the upper corners and tied behind the head. Then, when the eye trouble is over, you'll feel no penny-wise pangs in burning the shade at once!

The Host: "It's beginning to rain; you'd better stay to supper."

The Guest: "Oh, thanks very much; but it's not bad enough for that."

THE REAL TEST

of home baked food comes when the second helping is offered. The appearance, texture and taste of food raised with

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

is bound to be pleasing and satisfactory in every sense. Magic is an economical and healthful leavener, and because of its uniformity in strength and results, has justly earned its reputation of being Canada's Perfect Baking Powder.

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Some Hints About The Baby

Few medicines act with permanent effect on constipation,—it is much easier to prevent than to cure, and the habit of regularity formed early in life is by far the best preventive.

When the baby in a month old it can begin to form the habit of a regular movement at the same hour every day. In the morning at bath time is usually the most convenient hour.

It takes time, it takes patience, and it takes perseverance, but after a few weeks the mother will be amply repaid by the absence of soiled diapers and by the possession of a healthier baby. Breast fed babies, by the way, are much less troubled by constipation than bottle fed.

There are a number of simple methods which will help a constipated baby; one of the best is giving orange juice, strained, half an hour before the first feeding in the morning. Another excellent corrective is one teaspoonful of milk of magnesia at bedtime. If baby is on a bottle, this can be mixed in his night feeding. Cold boiled water, between feedings, helps to keep a baby well.

Many mothers take refuge in castor oil or enemas, but both are bad. The castor oil relieves the immediate trouble, but is apt to leave baby more constipated afterwards. The enemas, when used frequently, tend to make the muscles of the rectum weak.

Older children should be safeguarded against constipation by food. As an emergency measure, give one or two teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia every hour for three doses.

To help establish a habit, resort to liquid paraffin or petroleum, which acts by lubricating the bowels. The dose can be lessened gradually until, when the regular habit has been formed, the paraffin has been completely discontinued.

Any number of foods will work naturally to keep a child's bowels in healthy condition. Cooked fruit, for instance, although not berries, and fresh vegetables should be eaten every day.

Water freely between meals with one or two glasses before breakfast, also helps. On the other hand, eating too fast, too much candy, and drinking tea or coffee will almost certainly make mischief.

After children are three years old, it is still easier to keep them in a regular habit by the food they eat. Raw fruit, except bananas, is excellent, or two or three teaspoonfuls of honey for breakfast or supper.

Coarse food, such as graham biscuit, bran cakes, or bread or biscuit from unbolted flour, or whole wheat, are both appetizing and healthful. Bran can be used, either mixed with another cereal or by itself. Another good food which most children like is cornmeal bread—or Johnny cake—

sweetened with molasses. Prunes and figs, also, are wise additions to the menu.

The Difference

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"The 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are 'dead'."

Close Races

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were indulging in reminiscences of sporting occasions.

"The closest race I ever saw was a yacht race," said the Englishman, "in which one of the boats that had been recently painted won by the breadth of the coat of paint."

"The closest race I ever saw," declared the Scotchman, "was one in which a horse stung by a bee, won by the height of the swelling on his nose."

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "is the Scotch."

Paddy Scored Again

An Irish sentry was on guard near the powder magazine when the orderly officer approached his post smoking a cigar. Paddy, remembering his orders, halted the officer and told him to put out his cigar.

Complimenting Paddy on his smartness, he threw it away and went on his way.

When out of sight Paddy picked up the cigar and started to smoke himself. The officer, returning, found to his surprise that Paddy was smoking, and asked him for an explanation.

"Sure, sir," exclaimed Paddy, "I'm smoking this as evidence against you till the sergeant of the guard comes round."

Some More Water

It was a proud day for the Jenkins and the Smiths. The first grandchild was being christened, and a host of admiring uncles and aunts had turned up to witness the great event.

"And the name is to be—?" asked the clergyman saucily, as he stood beside the font with his armful of silk, lace, ribbon and red face.

"Agustus, Philip Frederick, Charles Snooks Chesterfield," replied the godmother, all in one long breath.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the clergyman. Then he turned to the sexton. "Some more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."